H. 95
1478 bbb-1.

DRESS.

A SATIRE.

INSCRIB'D

To the LADIES,

On ſome recent Irregularities.

Hourly Experience, Corinna, *will ſhow ye,*
That a Granny *is ſtar'd at as much as a* Chloe.

To which is added,

PHILANDER *and* ASPASIA.

LONDON:
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THE

ARGUMENT.

CRITO, *a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, invited by the Fineneſs of the Seaſon, determines to ſpend an Evening at* Vaux-Hall. *He meets* Lothario ---- *They admire the Elegance of the Place, the Excellence of the Performers, and the Beauty of the Ladies.*-----Crito *declaims againſt the* modern Mode *of* Dreſs; *and demonſtrates that the* Fair Sex, *beautiful as they appear, would be ſtill more amiable, were they leſs complaiſant to the* preſent Faſhion.

DRESS.

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ARGUMENT.

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A SATIRE.

LOTHARIO.

DEareſt *Crito*, I joy to ſee you. If any Thing can heighten my Happineſs in this Paradiſe, it muſt be the Enjoyment of your Company.

CRITO.

I am extremely oblig'd to you, Sir, for your Compliment; and, in Return,

aſſure you, That I ſhare an equal Joy in this Interview; and that there is no Perſon for whom I have a greater Eſteem.

LOTHARIO.

But, my dear *Crito*, Ceremony apart.---- Is not this a delightful Spot? —— How do you like the Paintings? —— The Performers? —— But, above all, the Ladies? —— Are they not beautiful as Angels?

CRITO.

The Gardens are elegant; the Paintings maſterly; the Performers excellent; and the Ladies beautiful —— But their Dreſs, in general, very indecent, ruſtick, and unbecoming.

LOTHARIO.

You amaze me! —— Why you have certainly buried yourſelf in your Father's Gallery, fallen in Love with the Beauties of the laſt Century, and taken miff at the Mode, becauſe our modern Ladies don't

don't dreſs like your Great-Grand-Mother.

CRITO.

You are pleaſant, good Sir —— But I think I have it juſt now in my Power to convince you, I am not ſo egregiouſly miſtaken as you imagine. —— The original Intentions of Dreſs, among the civiliz'd Nations, were Decency, Eaſe, and Ornament: But, if we examine the preſent Mode, eſpecially among the Ladies, we ſhall find thoſe good Purpoſes very illy anſwer'd ----

LOTHARIO.

Then, to convince yourſelf of the Invalidity of your Aſſertion, only look round you, and mark well thoſe angelick Creatures. —— Can any Thing appear with more Elegance, Eaſe, or Grace?

CRITO.

Do you doubt it! —— Then behold that beautiful Creature near the Orcheſtra —— 'Tis *Frontinella*, whom Fops

ſo much admire. —— View her well, and diſcover a thouſand Beauties. —— Her Hair, ſhining and black as Jet; her Skin excels the Alabaſter for Whiteneſs; her Features have an admirable Symmetry; and her Shape is exceſſively charming---- Yet this Lady, beautiful as ſhe is, ſullies the Charms Nature has thus laviſhly beſtow'd on her, by a too modiſh Boldneſs in her Dreſs and Manners.

LOTHARIO.

Why this is down-right Caprice!---- Nothing can be more beautiful than that Lady, or more elegant than her Dreſs.

CRITO.

I grant you, Nature has form'd her a Paragon of Beauty; but ſhe makes a Sacrifice of many of her Charms, either to the Mode or her own Vanity.

LOTHARIO.

Why Faith, *Crito*, thou art grown a very Pedant —— Certainly thou haſt loſt

loſt thyſelf among the venerable Sages of Antiquity. —— Aye, thou ſmelleſt d----mn'd muſty; and haſt por'd over worm-eaten Books, 'till thou haſt forgot all Senſe of Dreſs or polite Behaviour.---- If the Ladies were inform'd of your Sentiments, they'd ſhow you —— as we do a Monſter. —— But prithee tell me, what can be better-fancy'd, more polite or becoming, than *Frontinella*'s Dreſs?

CRITO.

I'll ſhow you, my whimſical Sir.---- Look at that young Lady in White. 'Tis the lovely *Clio* —— She is ſhortly to be married to the noble *Cordelio*, whom we both know, and whom ſhe'll make extremely happy.

Grace is in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
And all her Actions Dignity----

Give me Leave, for once, to make a Compariſon between this Lady and *Frontinella*.---- I'll begin with their Dreſs---- *Clio*'s Head is adorn'd with all the Decency and Elegance Modeſty can ſug-

geſt:

geſt: *Frontinella*'s, deck'd only with Flowers and Ribbands, ſeems fitter for the Head-Dreſs of a Doll —— *Excuſe the Plainneſs of the Phraſe* —— *Clio*'s Stays are ſo prudently, and yet ſo commodiouſly form'd, that they ſhew her Shape to great Advantage; and ſhe avoids, at the ſame Time, the Ruſticity and Boldneſs of the Mode. —— *Frontinella*, tho' really better ſhap'd than *Clio*, appears to have a worſe. The Bareneſs of her Neck and Shoulders, lovely as they are, by an immodeſt Liberty (which that charming Sex ſhould never take) rather diſguſt than pleaſe; and is a fine Subject for Coxcombs, who think Wit and Obſcenity ſynonimous Terms, to divert themſelves with their *blunt Jeſts* and *ſtupid Double-Entendres*. —— *Clio*'s Hoop adds Elegance to her Shape, gives Eaſe to her Motions, and is really an Ornament: *Frontinella*'s is almoſt large enough for the Top of a Tent; is therefore cumberſome, odious, and gives her an Aſſurance which is hardly conſiſtent with Modeſty. —— I will not deſcend to the other Particulars of Dreſs, for I had rather *reform* than *offend*; and what I have ſaid is ſufficient to prove, That a decent Dreſs

is

is not only *moſt commodious*, but *moſt becoming*.

LOTHARIO.

Do but perſwade the Ladies to that, and your Buſineſs is done. —— But pray which Way does *Frontinella* make a Sacrifice of her Charms?

CRITO.

I have already told you----" By a too " modiſh Boldneſs in her Dreſs and " Manners." —— But, leſt this Anſwer ſhould not be explicite enough, I will yet farther explain myſelf. —— The Mode is not ſatisfy'd with a Dreſs that is more than ſufficiently bold, but the Countenance and Geſtures muſt be ſuch as are not conſiſtent with Modeſty.----- *Zeno* defines Modeſty to be " The Science " of decent Motion." When the Mind is ballaſt with that excellent Virtue, the whole Frame is conducted with a becoming Grace. —— But *Frontinella*, whom every one muſt acknowledge a perfect Beauty, ſacrifices the real Power of Pleaſing,

by

by putting on with a *modiſh Dreſs*, what is likewiſe call'd a *modiſh Aſſurance*.

LOTHARIO.

Here, *Crito*, I think your Argument has no Force. No one can eſteem Sheepiſhneſs in a Woman; it ſhews ill Breeding, and a mean Original.

CRITO.

There is a wide Difference between what you call Sheepiſhneſs, and a becoming Modeſty; as the one is the Effect of Folly, and the other the Reſult of Prudence.----But give me Leave to carry on the Compariſon between their Behaviour (as well as their Dreſs) and you ſhall at leaſt own, That *Clio*, tho' not ſo regular a Beauty, pleaſes the *truly Polite* more than *Frontinella*.

LOTHARIO.

Nay —— Pray proceed!

CRITO.

CRITO.

Obſerve then, if you pleaſe, the eaſy Motion of *Clio*. Every Step adds a freſh Grace to her Form; and, while ſhe approaches us, ſhe ſtrikes us with a pleaſing, but a Kind of reverential Awe.-----Turn your Eyes to *Frontinella*. Obſerve well her Motion. Her Beauty, I allow, ſtrikes us at firſt Sight; but there is a Sort of Boldneſs in her Mein, that ſeems to court our looſeſt Wiſhes. —— *Clio* expreſſes her Satisfaction, by the judicious Smile of Approbation; but *Frontinella*, with the loud Laugh of Ruſticity. —— The Softneſs, the Sweetneſs of *Clio*'s Countenance, expreſs the Serenity of her Soul; and force us, by an irreſiſtible Charm, to admire her Delicacy.----- It is juſt the Reverſe with *Frontinella*. Her Blaze of Beauty, at firſt, catches the roving Eye; but, on a maturer Look, we find her Features harden'd with a ſelf-ſufficient Confidence, and her Countenance ſour'd with a malicious Pride.----- *Clio* is happy, thro' the Goodneſs of her Heart; and will

always charm, by an innocent Simplicity. *Frontinella* is unhappy, thro' her Vanity; and will never pleaſe long, becauſe ſhe practiſes an artful Coquettry.---- In ſhort, *Clio* will conquer all Hearts, without deſigning it: *Frontinella* makes no real Conqueſts, by a too great Deſire of making Slaves.

LOTHARIO.

But why do you charge that to the Mode, which ſeems to be the Effect of her Conſtitution?

CRITO.

If theſe Foibles are now in her Conſtitution, 'tis becauſe Cuſtom has made them habitual to her. She has been taught, *That Beauty ſhould ſtrike all Beholders, and conquer wherever it appears.* For this Purpoſe ſhe makes uſe of every Art, and ſpreads every Snare, in order to gain Admirers; which, if ſhe does, they are ſome of the worſt Sort.

Men

Men of Merit ſee thro' her Artifices. But ſhe values not herſelf upon the *Worth*, but the *Number* of her Supplicants. ----- Her Pride is touch'd if ſhe loſes one of the Inſects that ſurround her. This makes her capricious; and, from the Hurry of her Spirits, her Features are depriv'd of that Softneſs Nature has given them. To remedy this, as ſoon as ſhe perceives her Error, ſhe launches into the other Extreme. She immediately appears all Joy; and, in the Exceſs of her affected Gaiety and good Nature, diſtributes her Smiles equally to all around her.---- But does not this ſavour of Levity? Certainly: And deprives her of that real Reſpect which is ſo juſtly paid to *Clio*.---- *Frontinella*'s Fault ariſes from a Conſciouſneſs of her Beauty: *Clio*'s Merit from an innocent Simplicity. ----- In fine, *Frontinella*, by endeavouring to engroſs *all*, keeps *none*: *Clio*, by deſiring only *one* (in whom ſhe'll moſt aſſuredly be happy) is admir'd by all who have the Honour of her Acquaintance.

Oh! were they all like her *Men would adore 'em,*
And all the Bus'neſs of their Lives be loving:
The Nuptial Band ſhould be the Pledge of Peace,
And all domeſtick Cares and Quarrels ceaſe;
The World ſhou'd learn to love by virtuous Rules,
And Marriage be no more the Jeſt of Fools.

Permit me to add the Sentiments of a modern Author on the Art of Dreſs. "Nothing, *ſays he*, is more ſtudied, or "leſs underſtood——The Wrong-dreſs'd, "and the Over-dreſs'd, every where of-"fend the Eye; whilſt it is a Miracle "to ſee one dreſs'd with that Propriety, "in which Elegance alone conſiſts. The "*Fair Sex* are however groſſly deceiv'd, "if they think that Diamonds, Jewels, or "Embroidery, impoſe on any, but ſuch "as are not worth impoſing on: Others "eaſily abſtract from Ornaments the real "Figure; and, in Scorn of the attempted "Deception, reduce it perhaps beneath "the Value it might bear without them."

LOTHARIO.

LOTHARIO.

I confeſs, my dear *Crito*, I was prejudic'd in Favour of *Frontinella*; but your Arguments have ſufficiently convinc'd me of two Things: Firſt, That the Dreſs of ſome of our Ladies are not only *unbecoming*, but *indecent*. And, ſecondly, That a Coquet can pleaſe but for a Moment.

CRITO.

'Tis theſe Sort of Women that diſtinguiſh themſelves firſt by Particularities in Dreſs. The Young and Unthinking generally follow their Example — But there are *ſome*, and thoſe the *moſt valuable*, who have Reſolution enough to avoid Extremes in the Faſhions, notwithſtanding the Raillery of our *modern fine Ladies*.

After an elegant Regale, *Crito* and *Lothario* quitted the Gardens, highly delighted with their Evening's Entertainment.

† *PHI-*

† PHILANDER AND ASPASIA.

Written by the Rev. Mr. VIRASEL.

ASPASIA's to an Angel Half refin'd,
The feebleſt Body, but the nobleſt Mind.
From fineſt Nerves the livelieſt Spirit ſprings,
As ſprightlieſt Muſic from the ſmalleſt Strings.
But, while with Rapture all enjoy the Strain,
The trembling Inſtrument is rack'd with Pain.
Weigh'd,

† This Poem is a *fine Picture* of a Gentleman and Lady in *real Life*. It was intended only as a Family-Piece; yet, as ſeveral imperfect Copies have ſtolen out into

Weigh'd, with the leaden Hand of Sickneſs, down,
She pines without a Murmur, or a Frown.
Her Melancholy never grows ſevere,
Or caſts a Shadow on the Objects near:
Thus Ev'ning Miſts, which Summer Heats exhale,
Hang o'er the Lake, but never cloud the Vale.
The Stranger's Sight her laughing Eyes beguile,
And, with her neareſt Friends, her Sorrows ſmile.
Thus, when the Sun in deep Eclipſe declines,
To ſome, with undiminiſh'd Light, he ſhines;
And, where o'er all his Face the Gloom is laid,
Faint Rays of Glory ſparkle round the Shade.

Not harden'd by her Woes, or ſoft to few,
Her Pity ſheds on all its fruitful Dew;
As Springs with healing Virtue warm, impart
Their Streams, unfrozen by the Winter's Dart.
At the ſad Muſic of the Wretches moan,
She feels his Anguiſh, and forgets her own.
And does ſhe only feel it? Hear the Voice
Of Want and Sickneſs at her Gate rejoice.

O! You, with Her, the Bleſſing of the Swain!
The Partner of her Patience, as her Pain!

If

into the World, it was thought proper to publiſh a correct one. It was printed at *Dublin* in 1749; and now added to this *Satire on Dreſs*, to ſhow how little of *real Happineſs* depends on that *important Article*, tho' it ſo greatly engroſſes the Time of our *modern Fops* and *fine Ladies*.

If thus *Aſpaſia* our Affections warms,
Who ſtand without, and view but Half her Charms,
How muſt you love, who, Maſter of the Whole,
Share all her Thoughts, and live within her Soul;
See ev'ry delicate Reflection ſtart,
And feel the Goodneſs glowing at her Heart!
Yet more! whole Heart with all her Goodneſs burns,
And meets her gen'rous Soul with full Returns.

O! happy Union! Harmony divine!
Where both in Virtue, as in Love, combine;
While each the other's Sentiments receives,
As two fair Rivers intermix their Waves,
Bleſs all the Lands beſide them, as they go,
And to their Parent's Boſom jointly flow.

And is no Bleſſing to ſuch Fondneſs given?
No Offspring of ſuch Excellence? O! Heav'n!
Heav'n bids them in a graſted Race rejoice,
The nobler Offspring, not of Chance, but Choice:
Lo! three young Graces into Virtues grown,
With all their Bloſſoms into Beauty blown:
Thy Hand, *Aſpaſia*, rears each lovely Flow'r,
Inſtructs them, how to 'ſcape the dang'rous Hour,
To fence their tender Breaſts from nightly Harms,
And by their Union multiply their Charms,
Preſerve their Sweetneſs, when their Bloom is paſt,
And by their fragrant Virtues ever laſt.

Philander's Skill to Hardſhips reconcil'd,
Secures the faithleſs Bottom, tames the Wild,

Thro' the rough Mountain ſtretches uſeful Lanes,
And humanizes all the ſavage Plains:
Or, led by ſprightly Fancy, cloathes the Waſte
With all the gay Magnificence of Taſte;
And, following Nature's Flights from Place to Place,
Improves her Beauty, covers her Diſgrace,
Spreads a rich Carpet o'er the horrid Moor,
Turns the green Arch, ſuſpends the lofty Floor,
Perpetuates thro' endleſs Lines the Sight,
While various Scenes diſtract us with Delight;
The frowning Wood, where Day is but a Dawn,
Or the ſoft Boſom of the naked Lawn;
The gently leaning Hill, the circling Glade,
And Silver Vein, that twinkles thro' the Shade,
Spreads in the broad Canal its flowing Glaſs,
And ſleeps with graceful Smiles along the Graſs;
Or, ſtealing from the fond Spectator, ſtrays,
And round the Hill in wanton Windings plays.

But nobler Works engroſs his private Hours,
And call him to exert diviner Pow'rs:
Here, in this little World, he fills the Throne
With Worth and Wiſdom, to the Great unknown.
Is any wretched? here he finds Acceſs.
Is any injur'd? here he meets Redreſs.
He traces Mis'ry to her dark Abode,
And bears the Widows and the Orphans Load.

That awful Pile, which lifts the Soul to Heav'n,
Rais'd by his Zeal, to Piety was giv'n,
Whoſe Miniſters he feeds with joyful Hands,
Nor turns the ſacred Current to his Lands;

But

But skill'd, with happy Judgment, to beſtow,
He makes his Riches, like his Waters, flow,
In many copious Channels, which conduce
At once to publick Ornament and Uſe.

Foe to the vagrant Weed's pernicious Growth,
Suſtaining Want, he exerciſeth Sloth,
In ſplendid Labours, where his ſeeming Waſte
Is only Bounty in the Dreſs of Taſte.

Remember, O! *Fermanagh!* when he fed
Thy ſtarving Shepherds twice with diſtant Bread;
(With foreign Food as friendly Hands ſupply
The Infant, when his Mother's Breaſt is dry)
Repair'd th' exhauſted Treaſures of the Earth,
And pour'd a Plenty o'er the Waſte of Dearth.

Enough, *Philander!* ſcatter round thy Wealth,
But ſpare thy poor Remains of precious Health.
Oppreſs'd with others Cares, behold! he bends;
But brightens, at his Table crown'd with Friends.
With Taſte th' Beaufet is adorn'd; the Board
With Plenty, nobler than Profuſion, ſtor'd.
The vital Liquor bleeds from num'rous Veins;
And all are happy, for *Aſpaſia* reigns.
But by what Laws? the Graceful and the Fit;
Diſcretion temp'ring Freedom, Mildneſs, Wit.
Here human Frailty never is expos'd,
And Slander's fiery Mouth is ever clos'd,
That, loaden deep with Hate, by Stealth deſtroys,
And gives the Wound, before we hear the Noiſe.

Yet

Yet Mirth with Manners is not held a Crime;
And Humour loves to play in Tune and Time.
Aſpaſia's Spirit ſtarts the pleaſing Strife:
Eliza's chearful Frankneſs gives it Life:
Clariſſa's Wit in lively Flaſhes breaks,
And Laughter flies around, if *Lælio* ſpeaks:
Whoſe Thoughts are happy, tho' his Words are few,
Like Clocks, that ſtrike but ſeldom, always true:
Philander's Genius ruling, as the Soul,
While eaſy Breeding poliſhes the Whole.

So the nice Artiſt, ſmooths the ſolid Glaſs,
Till ev'ry Roughneſs in the Surface paſs:
Then clear from any Stain, or any Gloom,
It caſts a Luſtre round the ſtately Room,
Reflects all Nature's Works with Life and Truth,
And ſhines, the charming Minitor of Youth.

Here ever entertain'd with friendly Eaſe,
And not diſpleaſing, if I fail to pleaſe,
Delighted I divide my happieſt Days,
Where Truth converſes, and where Reaſon ſways;
Where Virtue by Religion is improv'd,
And all are lovely, loving and belov'd.

FINIS.